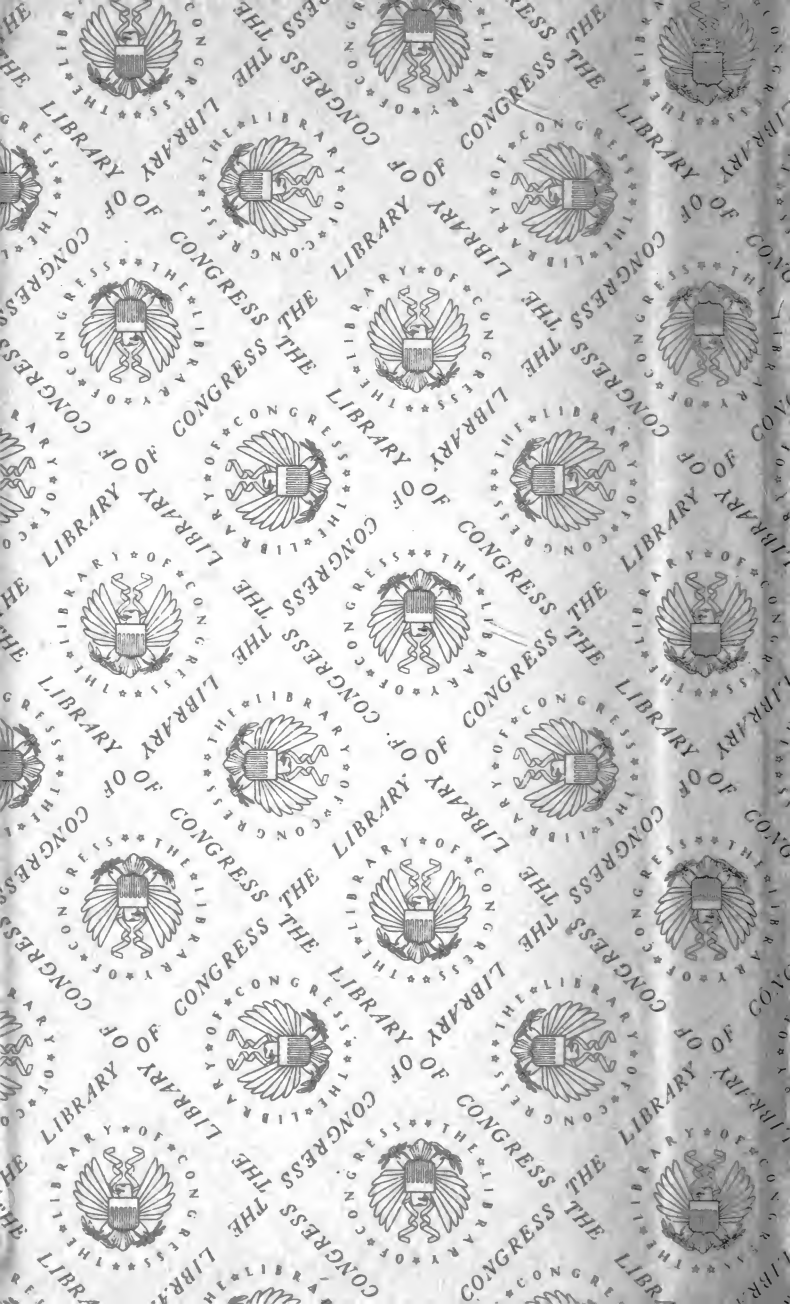


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A BOOK OF FAMOUS VERSE

SELECTED BY
AGNES REPPLIER



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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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INTRODUCTION

THE pleasant part of editing a little book like this is the gathering together of many well-loved poems ; the heart-breaking part is the exclusion of quite as many more. "There is so much inviting us," says Mr. Arnold, "what are we to take ?" How, in the ripened orchard, can we bear to fill one small basket, and go away leaving the boughs heavy with unplucked fruit ? How, amid friends, can we open the door to a few, and bid the others wait ? The enjoyment which children receive from poetry is far-reaching and of many kinds. Martial strains which fire the blood, fairy music ringing in the ears, half-told tales which set the young heart dreaming, brave deeds, unhappy fates, sombre ballads, keen joyous lyrics, and small jeweled verses where every word shines like a polished gem, — all these good things the children know and love. It is useless to offer them mere rhymes and jingles ; it is ungenerous to stint their young, vigorous imaginations with obvious prattle, fitted dexterously to their understandings. In the matter of poetry, a child's ima-

gination outstrips his understanding; his emotions carry him far beyond the narrow reach of his intelligence. He has but one lesson to learn, — the lesson of enjoyment, — and that it hardly lies in our power to teach. We can but show him the fair fields of song, and let him glean where he will. All the harvest is ripened to his hand, and he knows where his own store lies.

In selecting these few poems I have had no other motive than to give pleasure to the children who may read them; and I have tried to study their tastes, and feelings, and desires. If I succeed, my reward will be very great; for to help a child to the love of poetry is to insure for him one source of happiness in a not too happy world. It is to charm and brighten the gray routine of life, and to lift him for some brief, sweet moments from all the cares, and vexations, and drudgeries of earth up to those shining abodes —

“where the Eternal are.”

A. R.

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A BOOK OF FAMOUS VERSE

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;

We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

Sir Walter Scott.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
Oh listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers, in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands :
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listen'd till I had my fill ;
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth.

EPITAPH ON A HARE ¹

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo,

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,

¹ Note 1.

And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
 For he would oft beguile
 My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
 And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
 He finds his long last home,
 And waits, in snug concealment laid,
 Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
 From which no care can save,
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,
 Must soon partake his grave.

William Cowper.

INFANT JOY

"I HAVE no name ;
 I am but two days old."
 — "What shall I call thee ?"
 — "I happy am ;
 Joy is my name."
 — Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
 Sweet joy, but two days old.
 Sweet joy I call thee :
 Thou dost smile :
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee !

William Blake.

AT SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free : —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free, —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

— "Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

— "Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride, —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady: —

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
Though tempests round us gather ;
I ’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father ! ”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh, too strong for human hand !
The tempest gather’d o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore, —
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay’d, through storm and shade
His child he did discover : —
One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,
“ Across this stormy water,

And I'll forgive your Highland chief : —
My daughter ! — O my daughter ! ”

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.

A BOY'S SONG¹

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest ;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

¹ Note 2.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MY PLAYMATE

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear ;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine :
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :
The constant years told o'er
The seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years ;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —

No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems, —
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams !

I see her face, I hear her voice :
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the West !
Through all the wide Border his steed is the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had
none ;

He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stay'd not for brake and he stopp'd not for
stone ;

He swam the Eske river where ford there was
none ;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented ; the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and
all ; —

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,

For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

—"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come with this lost Love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup ;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye : —
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar ;
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace :
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better
by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger
stood near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !

“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur,

They 'll have fleet steeds that follow !” quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran ;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea ;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they
see : —

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-
invar ?

Sir Walter Scott.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins.

LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor, —
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, father, will I gladly do :
’T is scarcely afternoon —

The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon ! ”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
“ In heaven we all shall meet ! ” —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none ! —

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so ;

For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted, a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;

And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HYMN TO DIANA

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

Ben Jonson.

SONG

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear, —
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls.

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower —
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power !

Thomas Hood.

A SEA DIRGE

FULL fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange ;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them, —
Ding, dong, bell.

Shakespeare.

LULLABY

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
Alfred Tennyson.

ANNAN WATER

ANNAN Water 's wading deep,
And my Love Annie 's wondrous bonny ;
And I am loath she should wet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

He 's loupin on his bonny gray,
He rode the right gate and the ready ;

For all the storm he wadna stay,
For seeking of his bonny lady.

And he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through moor, and moss, and many a mire;
His spurs of steel were sair to bide,
And from her four feet flew the fire.

“My bonny gray, now play your part!
If ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
With corn and hay ye'll be fed for aye,
And never spur shall make you wearie.”

The gray was a mare, and a right gude mare;
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She could not have ridden the ford that night
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

“O boatman, boatman, put off your boat,
Put off your boat for golden money!”
But for all the gold in fair Scotland,
He dared not take him through to Annie.

“Oh, I was sworn so late yestreen,
Not by a single oath, but mony!
I'll cross the drumly stream to-night,
Or never could I face my honey.”

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
From bank to brae the water pouring;
The bonny gray mare she swat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

He spurred her forth into the flood,
I wot she swam both strong and steady ;
But the stream was broad, and her strength did
fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady !

Unknown.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he 's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel ;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin 's at the door ?
Reach down my cloak, I 'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a' ;
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown ;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin 's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue ;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he 's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot ;

Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair ;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair —
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet !

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave :
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave :
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa.

William Julius Mickle.

THE BLIND BOY

Oh, say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the Sight:
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY

“COME forth!” my catbird calls to me,

“And hear me sing a cavatina

That, in this old familiar tree,

Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

“These buttercups shall brim with wine

Beyond all Lesbian juice or Massic;

May not New England be divine?

My ode to ripening summer classic?

“Or, if to me you will not hark,

By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing,

Till all the alder-coverts dark

Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing.

“Come out beneath the unmastered sky,

With its emancipating spaces,

And learn to sing as well as I,

Without premeditated graces.

“What boot your many-volumed gains,

Those withered leaves forever turning,

To win, at best, for all your pains,

A nature mummy-wrapt in learning?

“The leaves wherein true wisdom lies

On living trees the sun are drinking;

Those white clouds, drowsing through the skies,

Grew not so beautiful by thinking.

“Come out! with me the oriole cries,
Escape the demon that pursues you!
And, hark, the cuckoo weatherwise,
Still hiding, farther onward woos you.”

“Alas, dear friend, that, all my days,
Has poured from thy syringa thicket
The quaintly discontinuous lays
To which I hold a season-ticket, —

“A season-ticket cheaply bought
With a dessert of pilfered berries,
And who so oft my soul has caught
With morn and evening voluntaries, —

“Deem me not faithless, if all day
Among my dusty books I linger,
No pipe, like thee, for June to play
With fancy-led, half-conscious finger.

“A bird is singing in my brain
And bubbling o’er with mingled fancies,
Gay, tragic, rapt, right heart of Spain
Fed with the sap of old romances.

“I ask no ampler skies than those
His magic music rears above me,
No falser friends, no truer foes, —
And does not Doña Clara love me?

“Cloaked shapes, a twanging of guitars,
A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,

Then silence deep with breathless stars,
And overhead a white hand flashing.

“O music of all moods and climes,
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,
Where still, between the Christian chimes,
The Moorish cymbal tinkles faintly!

“O life borne lightly in the hand,
For friend or foe with grace Castilian!
O valley safe in Fancy's land,
Not tramped to mud yet by the million!

“Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale
To his, my singer of all weathers,
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

“Ah, friend, these singers dead so long,
And still, God knows, in purgatory,
Give its best sweetness to all song,
To Nature's self her better glory.”

James Russell Lowell.

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;

Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home :
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow ;

They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

William Allingham.

AULD ROBIN GRAY ¹

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
hame,

And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
bride;

But saving a croun he had naething else beside :
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to
sea ;

And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was
stown awa' ;

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the
sea —

And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna
spin ;

I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna
win ;

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e

Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, oh, marry me !"

¹ Note 3.

My heart it said nay ; I looked for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
 wrack,
His ship it was a wrack — why didna Jamie dee,
Or why do I live to cry, Wae 's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
 break :
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the
 sea :
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it
 he —
Till he said, " I 'm come hame to marry thee."

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we
 say ;
We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away :
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee ;
And why was I born to say, Wae 's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that waud be a sin ;
But I 'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

JEAN

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow and rivers row,
And monie a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

TO A WATERFOWL`

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, — the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, — yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

SAILORS' SONG

To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;
 The wanton water leaps in sport,
 And rattles down the pebbly shore ;
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort ;
 And unseen mermaids' pearly song
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
 To sea, to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! our wide-winged bark
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
 Like mighty eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
 The sails swell full. To sea, to sea !

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

CARCASSONNE

I'm growing old, I've sixty years ;
 I've labored all my life in vain :
 In all that time of hopes and fears
 I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
 I see full well that here below
 Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
 My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know, —
 I never have seen Carcassonne,
 I never have seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue ;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue, —
And, to return, as many more.
Ah ! had the vintage plenteous grown !
The grape withheld its yellow store :
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

They tell me every day is there
No more nor less than Sunday gay ;
In shining jewels and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop, and two generals :
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne.

The curé's right ; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind ;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind.
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me ! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend ;

One sometimes sees beyond his reach,
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne ;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.
“ Rise up, my friend,” said I ; “ with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage.”
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive me !) half way on
The old man died upon the road ;
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

From the French of Gustave Nadaud.

CHOOSING A NAME

I HAVE got a new-born sister ;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To Papa, his infant daughter,
How Papa's dear eyes did glisten ! —
She will shortly be to christen ;
And Papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her, —
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa ?

Ann and Mary, they're too common ;
Joan's too formal for a woman ;
Jane's a prettier name beside,
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books ;
Ellen's left off long ago ;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine ;
What do you think of Caroline ?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next !
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her ; —
I will leave Papa to name her.

Mary Lamb.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which
climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and look'd homeward; bats on leathern
wings

Flitted abroad ; the sounds of labor died ;
Men prayed, and women wept ; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as He looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
“It is the Lord’s Great Day! Let us adjourn,”
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. “This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;

But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours :
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man :
His awestruck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SIR MARMADUKE

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight ;

Good man ! old man !

He 's painted standing bolt upright,

With his hose rolled over his knee ;

His periwig 's as white as chalk,

And on his fist he holds a hawk,

And he looks like the head

Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide,

Good man ! old man !

His spaniels lay by the fireside ;

And in other parts, d' ye see

Crossbows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,

A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats ;

And he looks like the head

Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from his gate,

Good man ! old man !

But was always ready to break the pate

Of his country's enemy.

What knight could do a better thing

Than serve the poor, and fight for his king ?

And so may every head

Of an ancient family !

Unknown.

THE NORTHERN STAR

A Tynemouth Ship

THE Northern Star
Sail'd over the bar
Bound to the Baltic Sea ;
In the morning gray
She stretch'd away : —
'T was a weary day to me !

For many an hour
In sleet and shower
By the lighthouse rock I stray ;
And watch till dark
For the wingèd bark
Of him that is far away.

The castle's bound
I wander round,
Amidst the grassy graves :
But all I hear
Is the north wind drear,
And all I see are the waves.

The Northern Star
Is set afar !
Set in the Baltic Sea :
And the waves have spread
The sandy bed
That holds my Love from me.

Unknown.

“LIKE CRUSOE, WALKING BY THE LONELY
STRAND ”

LIKE Crusoe, walking by the lonely strand
And seeing a human footprint on the sand,
Have I this day been startled, finding here,
Set in brown mould and delicately clear,
Spring's footprint — the first crocus of the year!
O sweet invasion! Farewell, solitude!
Soon shall wild creatures of the field and wood
Flock from all sides with much ado and stir,
And make of me most willing prisoner!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN ¹

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
That little dread us near!

¹ Note 4.

On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil ;
We talk the battle over,
We share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads,
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain ;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane,

A moment in the British camp —

A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,

Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,

For Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band

With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms,

And lay them down no more

Till we have driven the Briton

Forever from our shore.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree

The village smithy stands ;

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands ;

And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan ;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

He earns whate'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;

Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,

Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.
William Cullen Bryant.

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling ;

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel ;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses :

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Alfred Tennyson.

GLENARA

OH, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and
wail?

'T is the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire and her people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
His kinsmen they followed but mourned not aloud.
Their plaids o'er their bosoms were folded around,
They marched all in silence, — they looked on the
ground.

In silence they went, over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar ;
“ Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn ;
Why speak ye no word ? ” said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your
brows ? ”

So spake the rude chieftain : — no answer is made
Till each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and
loud :

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,

And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

Oh pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was
seen ;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn, —

’Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of
Lorn, —

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief ;
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem !
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found ;
From a rock in the ocean that beauty is borne, —
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

Thomas Campbell.

KUBLA KHAN¹

A VISION IN A DREAM

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

¹ Note 5.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seeth-
ing

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail ;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! Those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

LUCY ¹

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye ! —

¹ Note 6.

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh !
The difference to me !

William Wordsworth.

LUCY

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;
Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

" Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

“ The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

“ The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake — the work was done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

William Wordsworth.

TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives ; yours yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
Whenas that ruby which you wear
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

Robert Herrick.

THE TRUE BEAUTY

HE that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires : —
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY, FIVE YEARS OLD¹

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen, among the rest, I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworm beds
With all the tender things I swear;
While all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair, —

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

¹ Note 7.

For, as our different ages move,
'T is so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

Matthew Prior.

PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?” —
“When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?” —
“The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly

“The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'”

Sir Walter Scott.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
An' if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB ¹

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
 sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
 blown,

That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
 blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and
 chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
 still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
 pride ;

¹ Note 8.

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

Lord Byron.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine :
“ Oh, whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine ? ”

Oh, up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;

The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

" Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea ? "

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may ;
And they hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wedensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say :

" Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee."
" Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

“ For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou’ o’ gude red gowd
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

“ Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’ !
Our gude ship sails the morn.”

“ Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

“ I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves cam’ o’er the broken ship
Till a’ her sides were torn.

“ Oh, where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land ? ”

“ Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,

Till ye get up to the tall top-mast :
But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon !
But lang ere a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair ;
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh, lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' the goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh, forty miles off Aberdour,
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

SONG ¹

FOR the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they
grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Thomas Love Peacock.

¹ Note 9.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe :
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,

When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

OLD IRONSIDES¹

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ; —
The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,

¹ Note 10.

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave :
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

NORA'S VOW

I

HEAR what Highland Nora said, —
“ The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son.”

II

“ A maiden's vows,” old Callum spoke,
“ Are lightly made, and lightly broke ;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light ;

The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae ;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

III

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest ;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn ;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly ;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

IV

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made ;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river ;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel :
But Nora's heart is lost and won, —
She's wedded to the Earlie's son !

Sir Walter Scott.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me !

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me ? ”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December ;
And, like the water’s flow
Under December’s snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart’s chamber.

“ I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man’s curse ;
 For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon ;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor, whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,

On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed;
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,

I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen ! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“ Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

“ And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter !
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water !

- “ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
 Bore I the maiden.
- “ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.
- “ There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another !
- “ Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !

In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
 Oh, death was grateful !

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! Skoal ! ”
 Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FAREWELL

It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear ;
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear ;
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore ;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear ;
With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main ;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear ;
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep ;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear ;
The lee-lang night, and weep.

Unknown.

ADAM O' GORDON

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cold,
Said Adam o' Gordon to his men,
“ We maun draw to a hold.

“ And whatna hold shall we draw to,
My merry men and me ?

We will go to the house of Rodes,
To see that fair ladye."

The lady stood on her castle wall ;
Beheld both dale and down ;
There she was aware of a host of men
Came riding towards the town.

"Oh, see ye not, my merry men all,
Oh, see ye not what I see ?
Methinks I see a host of men :
I marvel who they be."

She had no sooner buskit herself,
And putten on her gown,
Till Adam o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the town.

The lady ran to her tower-head,
As fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could with him agree.

"Give o'er your house, ye lady fair,
Give o'er your house to me !
Or I shall burn yourself therein,
But and your babies three."

"I winna give o'er, ye false Gordon,
To no sic traitor as thee ;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord shall mak' ye dree.

“Woe worth, woe worth ye, Jock, my man !
I paid ye well your fee ;
Why pull ye out the grund-wa' stone,
Lets in the reek to me ?

“And e'en woe worth ye, Jock, my man !
I paid ye well your hire ;
Why pull ye out the grund-wa' stone,
To me lets in the fire ? ”

“Ye paid me well my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me well my fee ;
But now I'm Adam o' Gordon's man, —
Must either do or dee.”

Oh, then bespake her little son,
Sat on the nurse's knee ;
Says, “O mither dear, give o'er this house !
For the reek it smothers me.”

“I winna give up my house, my dear,
To no sic traitor as he :
Come weal, come woe, my jewel fair,
Ye maun take share with me.”

Oh, then bespake her daughter dear, —
She was both jimp and small :
“Oh, row me in a pair of sheets,
And tow me o'er the wall ! ”

They rowed her in a pair of sheets,
And towed her o'er the wall ;

But on the point of Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fall.

Oh, bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreeps !

Then with his spear he turned her o'er ;
Oh, gin her face was wan !
He said, " Ye are the first that e'er
I wished alive again.

" Busk and boun, my merry men all,
For ill dooms I do guess ; —
I cannot look on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass."

But when the ladye saw the fire
Come flaming o'er her head,
She wept, and kissed her children twain,
Says, " Bairns, we be but dead."

Oh, this way looked her own dear lord,
As he came o'er the lea ;
He saw his castle all in a lowe,
So far as he could see.

" Put on, put on, my mighty men,
As fast as ye can dri'e !
For he that's hindmost of the thrang
Shall ne'er get good of me ! "

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
 Out o'er the grass and bent ;
 But ere the foremost could win up,
 Both lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
 Sae fast as he might dri'e ;
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's blood
 He 's wroken his fair ladye.

Unknown.

ARIEL'S SONGS

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry :
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have, and kissed,
 (The wild waves whist)
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark !
 Bow-wow.
 The watchdogs bark :

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

Shakespeare.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed ;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride ;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit passed away ;
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here ;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinioned fast ;
Sir John, the Knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Sir Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turned gray,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly passed,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights, all of you,
I pray you, pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

William Morris.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;

For I maun crush amang the stour
 Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm ;
Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Robert Burns.

THE LAMB

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice
Making all the vales rejoice ;
 Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee ;
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb : —
He is meek and He is mild ;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
 Little Lamb, God bless thee ;
 Little Lamb, God bless thee.

William Blake.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

“ AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me ? ”

“I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see.”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?”

“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?”

“I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill.”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary, —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night, on the Caldon Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

“And their harpstrings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all.”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?”

“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

“ Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill ;
‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill,

“ ‘ For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

“ ‘ Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the milldam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes ! ’

“ And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill ;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill.

“ ‘ And there,’ they said, ‘ the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And they shall clear the mildew dark
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“ ‘ Oh, the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“ And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low ;

‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“ ‘Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!’

“And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin :
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another ;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

“And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones,
That round about me lay.

“But coming down from the hilltop
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stout and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung ;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

“ Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I ’m tired as I can be.”

Mary Howitt.

THE PHANTOM SHIP

IN Mather’s Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men’s prayers.

“ O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure ” —
Thus prayed the old divine —
“ To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine ! ”

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
“ This ship is so crank and walty
I fear our grave she will be ! ”

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel,
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered :
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,

And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace :
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy !

Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.

Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans ! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;

Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for !
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !

O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir, .
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A CRADLE SONG

HUSH, my dear ! lie still and slumber ;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ! thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide ;
All, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle :
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing :
Lovely infant, how He smiled !
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in his manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling ! here 's no danger ;
Here 's no ox a-near thy bed.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell forever near Him :
See his face, and sing his praise !

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire :
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit.
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.

Take, Fortune, whatever you choose ;
 You gave, and may snatch again :
 I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
 For I own no more castles in Spain !

James Russell Lowell.

THE MERRY LARK

THE merry, merry lark was up and singing,
 And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
 And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
 When my child's laugh rang through me.
 Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-
 yard,
 And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
 And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
 Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

Charles Kingsley.

A SPRING LILT

THROUGH the silver mist
 Of the blossom-spray
 Trill the orioles : list
 To their joyous lay !
 " What in all the world, in all the world," they say,
 " Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as
 May ? "

" June ! June ! June ! "
 Low croon

The brown bees in the clover.

“ Sweet ! sweet ! sweet ! ”

Repeat

The robins, nested over.

Unknown.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

I

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?

Why weep ye by the tide ?

I ’ll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride :

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,

Sae comely to be seen ” —

But aye she loot the tears down fa’

For Jock of Hazeldean.

II

“ Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale ;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley-dale ;

His step is first in peaceful ha’,

His sword in battle keen ” —

But aye she loot the tears down fa’

For Jock of Hazeldean.

III

“ A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair ;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen " —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there ;
They sought her baith by bower and ha' —
The ladie was not seen !
She 's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir Walter Scott.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl ? —
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar !
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, —
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs !
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Thomas Moore.

ROSE AYLMER

AH ! what avails the sceptred race,
Ah ! what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace ! —
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor.

ROSABELLE

OH, listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ”

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball ;
But that my lady mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle hall.

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
 If ’t is not filled by Rosabelle.”

O’er Roslin all that weary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
’T was broader than the watch-fire’s light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
’T was seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffined lie,

Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold, —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir Walter Scott.

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER¹

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“ By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

¹ Note 11.

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May’st hear the merry din !”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard loon !”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye : —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner : —

“The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared ;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

“The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

“Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon ” —

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner : —

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

“ With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

“ And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :

Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken, —
The ice was all between.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

“It ate the food it ne’er had ate,
And round and round it flew : —
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

“And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

“In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.”

“God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look’st thou so ? ” “ With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.”

PART II

“ The sun now rose upon the right :

Out of the sea came he

Still hid in mist, and on the left

Went down into the sea.

“ And the good south wind still blew behind,

But no sweet bird did follow,

Nor any day for food or play

Came to the mariners' hollo !

“ And I had done a hellish thing,

And it would work 'em woe :

For all averred I had killed the bird

That made the breeze to blow.

Ah, wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,

That made the breeze to blow !

“ Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,

The glorious sun uprist :

Then all averred I had killed the bird

That brought the fog and mist : —

'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,

That bring the fog and mist.

“ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,

The furrow followed free ;

We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent sea.

“ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

'T was sad as sad could be ;

And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

“ All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

“ Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

“ Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

“ The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

“ About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

“ And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

“And every tongue, through utter drouth,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

“Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the Cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

“There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

“At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist !
A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

“With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drouth all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

“ See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

“ The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

“ And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven’s Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

“ Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

“ Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that Woman’s mate ?

“ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.

“ The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
‘ The game is done ! I ’ve won ! I ’ve won ! ’
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

“ The sun’s rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

“ We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night ;
The steersman’s face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip,
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

“ One after one, by the star-dogg’d moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

“ Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)

With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropt down one by one.

“The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.”

PART IV

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

“I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.”
“Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

“Alone, alone ; all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

“The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand, thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

“I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

- “ I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.
- “ I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.
- “ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.
- “ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But, oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man’s eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.
- “ The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside :
- “ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,

The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

“Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

“Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

“O, happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

“The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

“Oh, sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

- “ The silly buckets on the deck
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke it rained.
- “ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.
- “ I moved and could not feel my limbs ;
I was so light ; almost
I thought that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed ghost.
- “ And soon I heard a roaring wind ;
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.
- “ The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro, they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.
- “ And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud ;
The moon was at its edge.

“The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

“The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

“They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, e’en in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

“The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
The mariners all ’gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools, —
We were a ghastly crew !

“The body of my brother’s son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.”

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”

“Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
’T was not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corsers came again,
But a troop of spirits blest ;

“ For when it dawned they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

“ Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun :
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

“ It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid ; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

“ The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean ;
But in a minute she ’gan stir,
With a short, uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short, uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound ;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

“ How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“ ‘ Is it he ? ’ quoth one, ‘ is this the man ?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

“ The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,

He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

First Voice

" 'But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing,
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing ?'

Second Voice

" 'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast !
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast —

" 'If he may know which way to go :
For she guides him smooth or grim :
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him !'

First Voice

" 'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ?'

Second Voice

" 'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

“ Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated ;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.’

“ I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
’T was night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

“ All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

“ The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

“ And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen, —

“ Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

“But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

“It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring :
It mingled strangely with my fears, —
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly, too ;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

“Oh, dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

“We drifted o’er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray, —
‘Oh, let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.’

“The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn :
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

“The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock :

The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weather-cock.

“ And the bay was white with silent light :
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

“ A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
O Christ ! what saw I there !

“ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light.

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart, —
No voice ; but oh, the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

“ But soon I heard the dash of oars ;
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

“ The Pilot, and the Pilot’s boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

“ I saw a third — I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He ’ll shrieve my soul, he ’ll wash away
The Albatross’s blood.

PART VII

“ This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea :
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

“ He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve, —
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

“ The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk :
‘ Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ’

“ ‘ Strange, by my faith,’ the Hermit said —
‘ And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !

I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

“ ‘Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

“ ‘Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look,’
The Pilot made reply,
‘I am a-feared.’ ‘Push on, push on !’
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard : —

“Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead !

“Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot’s boat.

“Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;

And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

“I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit :
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

“I took the oars : the Pilot’s boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
‘Ha ! ha !’ quoth he, ‘full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row.’

“And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“‘O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !’
The Hermit crossed his brow :
‘Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou ?’

“Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

“Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :

And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

“I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

“What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding guests are there ;
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

“O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

“To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

“Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN

“OH, who will shoe my bonny foot,
And who will glove my hand?
And who will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a long, long, linen band?

“Or who will kaim my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kaim?
Oh, who will father my young son
Till Lord Gregory comes hame?

“ Oh, if I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi’ me,
It’s I would gang to my true Love,
Since he winna come to me ! ”

Then she’s gar’d build a bonny boat,
To sail the salt, salt sea :
The sails were of the light-green silk,
And the ropes of taffetie.

She had not been on the sea sailing
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near to her true Love’s door.

She’s ta’en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she’s gane ;
And long she knocked, and sair she called,
But answer got she nane.

“ Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory !
Oh, open, and let me in !
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
And the rain drops o’er my chin.”

Long stood she at Lord Gregory’s door,
And long she tirl’d the pin ;
At length up gat his false mother,
Says, “ Who’s that, would be in ? ”

“ Oh, it’s Annie of Lochroyan,
Your Love, come o’er the sea,

But and your young son in her arms ;
So open the door to me."

" Away, away, ye ill woman !
You 're not come here for gude ;
You 're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or a mermaid o' the flood."

" I 'm no a witch, nor vile warlock,
Nor mermaiden," said she ;
" But I am Annie of Lochroyan, —
Oh, open the door to me !"

" If thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow ye binna she),
Now tell me some of the love-tokens
That passed 'tween me and thee."

" Oh, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
How we changed the rings from our fingers,
And I can show thee thine ?

" Oh, yours was good, and good enough,
But not so good as mine ;
For yours was o' the good red gold,
But mine of the diamond fine.

" So open the door, Lord Gregory,
And open it with speed ;
Or your young son that 's in my arms
For cold will soon be dead."

“ Away, away, ye ill woman !
Go from my door for shame !
For I have gotten another Love,
So you may hie you hame.”

Fair Annie turned her round about ;
“ Well ! since that it be sae,
May never a woman, that has borne a son,
Have a heart so full of wae !

“ Take down, take down, the mast of gold,
Set up the mast o’ tree ;
It ill becomes a forsaken lady
To sail so gallantlie.”

Lord Gregory started from his sleep,
And to his mother did say,
“ I dreamt a dream, this night, mother,
That makes my heart right wae.

“ I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower of all her kin,
E’en now was standing at my door,
But none would let her in.”

“ Oh, there was a woman stood at the door,
With a bairn intill her arm ;
But I could not let her come within,
For fear she had done you harm.”

“ O wae betide ye, ill woman !
An ill death may ye dee,

That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet would waken me ! ”

Oh, he ’s gone down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare ;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

And “ Hey, Annie ! ” and “ How, Annie !
O Annie, winna ye bide ? ”
But aye the mair he cried “ Annie,”
The broader grew the tide.

And “ Hey, Annie ! ” and “ How, Annie !
O Annie, speak to me ! ”
But aye the louder he cried “ Annie,”
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain :
And soon he saw his fair Annie
Come floating o’er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Both tossed above the tide ;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He caught her by the yellow hair,
And drew her up on the sand ;
But cold and stiff was every limb
Before he reached the land.

And then he kissed her on the cheek,
And kissed her on the chin ;
And sair he kissed her on the lips :
But there was no breath within.

“ Oh, wae betide my cruel mother !
An ill death may she dee !
She turned fair Annie from my door,
Wha died for love of me ! ”

Unknown.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not (sweet) I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Richard Lovelace.

SONG

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,

And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat, —
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets —
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit ! —
Bird thou never wert —
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest :
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,

Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, — thy music doth
surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :

I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt, —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own-kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know ;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then as I am listening now !
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE NIGHT PIECE

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
My soul I 'll pour into thee.

Robert Herrick.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !
Edmund Waller.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England,
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now !

And after April when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows —
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops, — at the bent spray's
 edge, —
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice
 over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower.

Robert Browning.

ROBIN REDBREAST

GOOD-BY, good-by to summer !
For summer 's nearly done ;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun ;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin 's here with coat of brown,
And ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts ;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they 'll turn to ghosts ;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough ;
It 's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'T will soon be winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

William Allingham.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH- YARD¹

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

¹ Note 12.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en those bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
 Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;

Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear ;
He gained from heaven (’t was all he wished) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray.

BUGLE SONG

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark, oh, hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Alfred Tennyson.

ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkendale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright :

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother, she asked of his household and home :
" Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the
hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter still ;
'T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so
pale,
And with all its bright spangles," said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black
eye ;

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

Sir Walter Scott.

BALLAD

SHE 's up and gone, the graceless girl !
And robbed my failing years ;
My blood before was thin and cold,
But now 't is turned to tears.

My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand :
She might have stayed a little yet,
And led me by the hand.

Ay, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill ;
'T is nothing but the heron's cry,
And plover's answer shrill.
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widened when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine ;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine.
But now she 'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will !

Thomas Hood.

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 “ They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,

And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

JENNY KISSED ME¹

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief ! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in !
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I 'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me !

Leigh Hunt.

¹ Note 13.

DOROTHY Q

A Family Portrait

GRANDMOTHER's mother ! her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair ;
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade, —
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view, —
Look ! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust ;
That was a Redcoat's rapier-thrust !
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well ;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name ;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring ; —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land ;
Mother and sister, and child and wife,
And joy and sorrow, and death and life !

What if, a hundred years ago,
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maid her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another to nine tenths me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes ;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less :
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast ;
And never an echo of speech or song

That lives in the babbling air so long !
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

Oh, lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,
Edward's and Dorothy's, — all their own, —
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago !
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the Redcoat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name :
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE COLUBRIAD ¹

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast
Three kittens sat ; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye,
Not much concerned to know what they did there,

¹ Note 14.

Nor deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this?"
When, lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forkèd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who, never having seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are
you?"

On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe;
With which, well armed, I hastened to the spot,
To find the viper — but I found him not,
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipt between the door and the door-sill;
And if I make dispatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard," —
For, long ere now, it should have been rehearsed,
'T was in the garden that I found him first.
E'en there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head with velvet paw did gently pat,
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Filled with heroic ardor at the sight,

And fearing every moment he might bite,
 And rob our household of our only cat
 That was of age to combat with a rat,
 With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
 And taught him never to come there no more.

William Cowper.

MARIGOLD

SHE moved through the garden in glory, because
 She had very long claws at the ends of her paws.
 Her back was arched, her tail was high,
 A green fire glared in her vivid eye ;
 And all the Toms, though never so bold,
 Quailed at the martial Marigold.

Richard Garnett.

THE DUMB SOLDIER

WHEN the grass was closely mown,
 Walking on the lawn alone,
 In the turf a hole I found,
 And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace ;
 Grasses hide my hiding place ;
 Grasses run like a green sea
 O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,
 Looking up with leaden eyes,

Scarlet coat and pointed gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier ;
But for all that 's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring ;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours,
And the springing of the flowers ;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

Word was brought to the Danish king,

(Hurry !)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,

And pined for the comfort his voice would bring ;

(Oh, ride as if you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl

Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl ;

And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;

(Hurry !)

Each one mounted a gallant steed

Which he kept for battle and days of need ;

(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)

Spurs were stuck in the foaming flank,

Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;

Bridles were slackened and girths were burst ;

But, ride as they would, the king rode first,

For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;

(Hurry !)

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward
gone;

The little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying.

The king looked back at that faithful child,

Wan was the face that answering smiled.

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped, and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
(Silence !)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing ;
'The castle portal stood grimly wide ;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride !
For, dead in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed with a drooping crest
Stood weary ;
The king returned from the chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast,
And that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck, —
" O steed that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed ! our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying."

Caroline Elizabeth Norton.

LADY CLARE

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn ;
Lovers long-betrothed were they,
They two will wed the morrow morn ;
God's blessing on the day !

“ He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, “ Who was this that went from thee ? ”
“ It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare,
“ To-morrow he weds with me.”

“ O God be thanked ! ” said Alice the nurse,
“ That all comes round so just and fair ;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare.”

“ Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,”
Said Lady Clare, “ that ye speak so wild ? ”
“ As God 's above,” said Alice the nurse,
“ I speak the truth : you are my child.

“ The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.”

“ Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,” she said, “ if this be true,

To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the broach of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by!"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me!"

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare ;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower ;
" O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? "

" If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born," she said,
" And not the Lady Clare."

" Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
" For I am yours in word and in deed ;
" Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
" Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;
He turned, and kissed her where she stood ;

“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the next in blood, —

“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”
Alfred Tennyson.

FAIRY SONG

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Shakespeare.

LULLABY FOR TITANIA

First Fairy

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Chorus

Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh !
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence ;
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offense.

Chorus

Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby !
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh !
So good-night, with lullaby.

Shakespeare.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.

SONG

WHO is the baby, that doth lie
Beneath the silken canopy
Of thy blue eye ?
It is young Sorrow, laid asleep
In the crystal deep.
Let us sing his lullaby,
Heigho ! a sob and a sigh.

What sound is that, so soft, so clear,
Harmonious as a bubbled tear
Bursting, we hear ?
It is young Sorrow, slumber breaking,
Suddenly waking.
Let us sing his lullaby,
Heigho ! a sob and a sigh.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee ;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me ;
Yes ! — that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we, —
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my
bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught

Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-nought.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

James Russell Lowell.

THE SISTERS

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

“Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

“What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

“No lover of thine’s afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this.”

“But I heard a voice cry out my name;
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

“Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!”

On her pillow the sister tossed her head,
“Hall of the Heron is safe,” she said.

“In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Annisquam.

“And if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?”

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small white hands she cried:

“O sister Rhoda, there’s something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

“‘Annie! Annie!’ I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!”

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest ! He never would call thy name !

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me ! "

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast ;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone, —

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest ! " she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth ! "

She came and stood by her sister's bed :
"Hall of the Heron is dead ! " she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

“ Little will reckon that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

“ I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and ’broider thy bridal gear,

“ Though hands should tremble, and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

“ But now my soul with his soul I wed ;
Thine the living, and mine the dead ! ”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

A Leaf from King Alfred's Orosius

OTHER, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Other,
His cheek had the color of oak ;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,

Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

“So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me ;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

“So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

“I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone, and reindeer skins,
And ropes of walrus hide.

“I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas, —

“Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep; —
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

“To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

“To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

“The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

“And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

“The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,

And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

“Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.”

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

“And now the land,” said Othere,
“Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! ’t was a noble game!
And like the lightning’s flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

“ There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland ;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand ! ”

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
“ Behold this walrus-tooth ! ”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing

That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and, here with us to be
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome Him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright ?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet :
Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;

Nature in awe to Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd
wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could
bear.

The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then

That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook, —
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
The helmèd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep ;

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving :
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving :
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
For Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attend-
ing :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

John Milton.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crowned ;)

The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride : —
Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above, —
Such is the power of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast ;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world. —

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound !
A present deity ! they shout around ;
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound !
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god ;
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he
comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain :
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
the slain !

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes. —
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning ;
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee ! —
The many rend the skies with loud applause :
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :
At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods. —
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to de-
stroy ;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before. —
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down !

John Dryden.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY

“AH ! what can ail thee, wretched wight,
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

“Ah ! what can ail thee, wretched wight,
 So haggard and so woebegone ?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

“I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever-dew ;
 And on thy cheek a fading rose
 Fast withereth, too.”

- “ I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, — a fairy’s child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.
- “ I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long ;
For sideways would she lean and sing
A fairy’s song.
- “ I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone ;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.
- “ She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna-dew ;
And sure in language strange she said,
‘ I love thee true.’
- “ She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, sad eyes
With kisses four.
- “ And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamed, ah ! woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed,
On the cold hillside :
- “ I saw pale kings and princes, too,
Pale warriors, — death-pale were they all ;

Who cried, 'La Belle Dame Sans Mercy
Hath thee in thrall !'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gapèd wide ;
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hillside.

"And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering ;
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

John Keats.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG

From the Spanish

My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken ;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea ;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night, kiss thee.

John Gibson Lockhart.

TO THE NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night !

Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand, —
Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,

Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me? And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon;
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
 bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, — and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise, —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? What the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

William Blake.

HOHENLINDEN ¹

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

¹ Note 15.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

SONG

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise !

Shakespeare.

THE ROVER

“ A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,

A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
 My Love!
No more of me you knew.

“The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.”
He turned his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
Said, “Adieu for evermore,
My Love !
And adieu for evermore.”

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT
COBUNNA¹

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
NOT a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;

¹ Note 16.

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory !

Charles Wolfe.

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave, and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

IN the hush of the autumn night
I hear the voice of the sea,
In the hush of the autumn night
It seems to say to me :
Mine are the winds above,
Mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday,
And the dead of long ago !

And I think of the fleet that sailed
From the lovely Gloucester shore,
I think of the fleet that sailed
And came back nevermore ;
My eyes are filled with tears,
And my heart is numb with woe :

It seems as if 't were yesterday,
And it all was long ago.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG"

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen, —
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down, —
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among :
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Charles Kingsley.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;

But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power ;

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then ;
“ Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd !
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

“And for myself,” quoth he,
“This my full rest shall be ;
England, ne’er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

“Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell :
No less our skill is
Then when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main, Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
Oh, Lord ! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone :
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder :

That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent ;
Scalps to the teeth were rent ;
Down the French peasants went :
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily, —
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
Oh, when shall Englishmen

With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry!

Michael Drayton.

TELLING THE BEES ¹

HERE is the place ; right over the hill
Runs the path I took ;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall ;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun ;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow ;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze ;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside Farm.

¹ Note 17.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —
To love, a year ;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, —
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun
Had the chill of snow ;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day :

Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low ; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on : —
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !
Mistress Mary is dead and gone !"
John Greenleaf Whittier.

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;

Epicurean of June, —
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found ;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure.
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen ;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,

Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among ;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat ;
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep :
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

INDIAN SUMMER

FROM gold to gray
Our mild, sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon ;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance.
John Greenleaf Whittier.

TWILIGHT

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows loud and free,
And like the wings of seabirds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,

As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek ?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plough-boy is whooping, anon, anon !
There 's joy on the mountains,
There 's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone.

William Wordsworth.

ALEC YEATON'S SON

Gloucester, August, 1720.

THE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea ;
“ An’ I would to God,” the skipper groaned,
“ I had not my boy with me ! ”

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by ;
But the skipper’s sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

“ Would he were at his mother’s side ! ”
And the skipper’s eyes were dim.
“ Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him !

“ For me, my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may ;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o’ day.

“ But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand, —
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in thy hand !

“ For thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow’s fall, each one !
Surely, O Lord, thou ’lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton’s son ! ”

Then, helm hard-port, right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light :
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves, —
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves !

Sudden it came, as sudden went ;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in,
Secure, on a broken oar !

Up rose the cry, " A wreck ! a wreck !
Pull, mates, and waste no breath ! "
They knew it, though 't was but a speck
Upon the edge of death !

Long did they marvel in the town
At God his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ANNIE LAURIE

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true, —
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on, —
That e'er the sun shone on ;
And dark blue is her ee ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet, —
Her voice is low and sweet ;
And she's a' the world to me ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Unknown.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.

There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.

When the long, dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana :

Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana ;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,

Oriana :

She watched my crest among them all,

Oriana :

She saw me fight, she heard me call,

When forth there stept a foeman tall,

Oriana,

Atween me and the castle wall,

Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,

Oriana :

The false, false arrow went aside,

Oriana :

The damnèd arrow glanced aside,

And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,

Oriana !

Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,

Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,

Oriana.

Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,

Oriana.

Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,

The battle deepened in its place,

Oriana ;

But I was down upon my face,

Oriana !

They should have stabbed me where I lay,

Oriana !

How could I rise and come away,

Oriana?

How could I look upon the day?

They should have stabbed me where I lay,

Oriana, —

They should have trod me into clay,

Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,

Oriana!

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,

Oriana!

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,

And then the tears run down my cheek,

Oriana:

What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,

Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,

Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies,

Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise

Up from my heart unto my eyes,

Oriana.

Within thy heart my arrow lies,

Oriana.

O cursèd hand! O cursèd blow!

Oriana!

O happy thou that liest low,

Oriana!

All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.

A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.

Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.

I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

Alfred Tennyson.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE

THEY shot him dead on the Nine-Stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside ;

She tore her ling (long) yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass
As they passed the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stone Burn,
And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss and the Lady fern.

A Gray Friar stayed upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While Headless Cross shall bide.

Surtees.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love ;
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
Then awake ! — the heavens look bright, my dear ;
'T is never too late for delight, my dear ;
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake ! — till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we 'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

Thomas Moore.

ON A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB
OF GOLDFISHES ¹

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair, round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes, —
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize, —
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat 's averse to fish ?

¹ Note 18.

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent,
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between, —
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled, —
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send :
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard, —
A favorite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold !

Thomas Gray.

COUNTY GUY

Al, County Guy ! the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy ?

Sir Walter Scott.

NIGHT

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have ta'en delight ;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright ;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm,

They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm :
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

William Blake.

NOTES

NOTE 1. *Epitaph on a Hare.*

Cowper has written a charming prose description of the two wild English hares that he succeeded in partially taming, and that amused and comforted many melancholy hours.

NOTE 2. *A Boy's Song.*

James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," is a rare instance of native, untaught genius. He herded sheep from the time he was seven years old until he was thirty; and though he had learned to read in his few months of schooling, it was not until manhood that he mastered the art of writing. Sir Walter Scott was his true friend, and gave him constant aid and encouragement. His best poems are both simple and spirited, showing a fine sympathy for nature and outdoor life.

NOTE 3. *Auld Robin Gray.*

Lady Anne Lindsay, when a girl of twenty-one, wrote this famous poem to the music of an old Scotch melody. It is now sung to a different air.

NOTE 4. *Song of Marion's Men.*

Francis Marion, a Revolutionary officer, born in South Carolina. He trained a brigade of bold and adventurous frontiersmen, who made the forests and swamps of Carolina their hiding-ground. They knew every inch of these gloomy and treacherous woods, and were able, with little danger to themselves, to continually attack and harass the British forces. His exploits have passed into song and story; his courage, endurance, and gay defiance of all dangers and hardships, halo his name with romance. While this poem has little of Bryant's customary finish, it is spirited, and contains at least one charming line, "Well knows the fair and friendly moon."

NOTE 5. *Kuble Khan.*

A beautiful fragment of verse composed by Coleridge on awakening from a sleep in which he had dreamed these wonders.

NOTE 6. *Lucy.*

The five poems written by Wordsworth to the unknown "Lucy" are among the most beautiful of English lyrics. Though they reveal little beyond her early death, they have made her name a living power in song.

NOTE 7. *To a Child of Quality, Five Years Old.*

Nothing is known of this famous little lady, save that she was long thought to have belonged to the Dorset family. The poem has been pronounced by critics one of the prettiest of all nursery idyls.

NOTE 8. *The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

It is worth while to notice the strength and simplicity of Byron's language in this noble poem.

NOTE 9. *Old Ironsides.*

This was the popular name by which the famous frigate Constitution was known.

NOTE 10. *Song.*

Supposed to be sung by one of Robin Hood's outlawed band in merry Sherwood Forest.

NOTE 11. *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

The finest of modern ballads. It first appeared in a little volume entitled "Lyrical Ballads," published by Wordsworth and Coleridge; and while many people marveled at its weird extravagance, true critics, like Charles Lamb, recognized it at once as a masterpiece.

NOTE 12. *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*

Gray's reputation as a poet rests principally on this famous elegy—a strong and sure foundation. It is a poem absolutely perfect of its kind.

NOTE 13. *Jenny Kissed Me.*

"Jenny" is said to have been Jane Welsh Carlyle, wife of the historian, Thomas Carlyle, a very brilliant and charming woman.

NOTE 14. *The Colubriad.*

The Colubriad means the history or story of a snake, *cōlūbra* being the Latin word for a female adder or viper.

NOTE 15. *Hohenlinden.*

A village in Upper Bavaria, where, on the 3d of December, 1800, the French general Moldeau met and defeated the arch-duke John of Austria.

NOTE 16. *The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.*

Sir John Moore, a British general, lost his life in Spain, fighting against Napoleon's victorious army. The French built him a tomb at Corunna, with this simple and noble inscription:—

John Moore,
Leader of the English Armies.
Slain in Battle,
1809.

NOTE 17. *Telling the Bees.*

In old times it was the common custom, when a member of the household died, to inform the bees of the death, and drape their hives with black. Otherwise, it was thought, they would fly away.

NOTE 18. *On a Favorite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes.*

These delightful verses were sent by Gray in a letter to Horace Walpole, who had written to the poet that his "handsome cat" had been drowned in a bowl of goldfishes. Several copies of the poem, in Gray's handwriting, are in existence.



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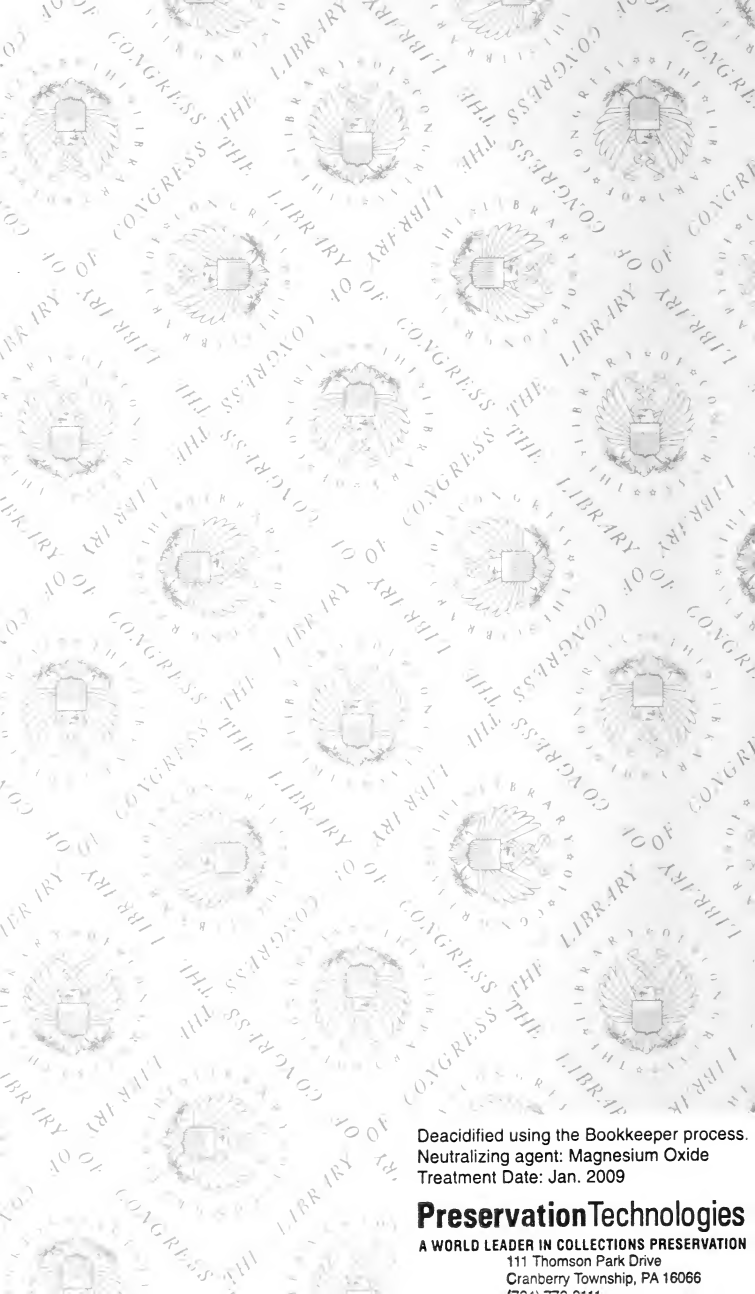
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